LIFE OF

REV. JAMES KINNER,

THE

Pioneer Colored Baptist Preacher

OF

MIDDLESEX COUNTY, VIRGINIA.

BY H. VAL. WASHINGTON.

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JAMES KINNER, DRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

BY H. VAL. WASHINGTON.

With an Appendix on Divisions of Time.

PREFACE.

THE object of this booklet is to give to the public some idea of the early struggles of REV. JAMES KINNER in the ministry, in Middlesex County, Virginia. Not that there have been any remarkable events connected therewith, too important to let pass by unrecorded, but that his life and struggles for *sound christian doctrine* are pre-eminently worthy incentives for the young of today who are pressing forward in worthy avocations. And also being one among the last of the large number he baptized, there has ever and anon come to me a mystic dream of this veteran of Christ, till I feel called upon to leave on record some lines indicative of the real worth of this sainted apostle of God. I trust this little book will serve to arouse the deepest sympathies instead of criticisms; and also be an *impetus* to Christian work wherever it is read.

I am indebted to Revs. C. R. Towles and N. A. Wiggins for important data and Rev. G. M. P. King, D.D., for facts pertaining to his school life.

I have added an Appendix to this Biography, containing short sketches of the Divisions of Time, Eras, Periods, etc., as collected from Carter's Elements of General History, the Bible and other ancient writings, which I trust may be a help to those who desire to know more about the Day, the Month and the Year with its changes. I ask that the Biblical references be read in this connection.

Praying that the choicest blessing of heaven may rest upon the readers of this booklet, I subscribe myself one for keeping alive a memory of the deeds of our Christian heroes.

H. VAL. WASHINGTON.

WHITE STONE, VA., MARCH, 1899.

INTRODUCTION.

WHEN we turn the pages of some reliable history, or ponder over some work of classic literature, we can see distinctly the picture of some nation or race, with all of its political, social and religious peculiarities. We can almost interpret its ideals and count its mile-stones in the course of progress or retrogression—as the case may be—every race has its individual contour. Indeed there would be no different races, if there were no peculiar distinguishing characteristics other than facial expression.

But however true the above may be, there are yet races comparatively unknown to the reading world—not because they do not occupy a unique place in society, but because there has been no historian who has dared to inscribe their deeds, no poet to sing their merits. Among such the Negro race in America is most conspicuous; therefore let him play his role in the new drama—and give him audience through the medium of the pen. Owing to the system of American slavery, the Negro was not experienced in all the intricacies of statecraft; unused to the restrictions of polite society, and had a one-sided view of the requirements of Christian religion. By this it must not be understood that the Negro did not possess a nature that responded to religious principles, for he was almost instinctively religious, but that he lacked the proper conception of its mission. In this unhappy state, the light of freedom suddenly burst upon him—its brilliancy may have been, in many cases, too severe for his mental sensibility—his future was despaired of by the dominant race. And it would be absurd to deny that some erred in this new bewilderment. Like

all other peoples, the Negro had to be given a correct religious sentiment before he could be transformed into any admirable shape. This fact was almost immediately recognized by the thinking element both at the North and South. Northern philanthropy opened its coffers to the erection and maintenance of seminaries and institutes; while at the South a public school system was put in operation. Each of these sources of information has wrought wonders in the education and hence elevation of the Negro. As to what the exact character of this education should be has ever and anon been a ground of contention—every foot of which, save two, has been stubbornly contested. The two which have met no opposition are moral and religious training—all concede them to be indispensable. The doors of these schools were quickly thronged by anxious and earnest enquirers after knowledge. But in many instances, advanced years and pecuniary embarrassment, together with an exalted enthusiasm to help those still more unfortunate, compelled many to leave school but poorly prepared to lay claim to an education, but that enthusiasm which emanates from an earnest and pious heart would not brook reserve, and entered upon the work of teaching and preaching, trusting the issue with God, who "hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty."

Among these early laborers we may find the truest type of Christian manhood. However bold this statement may appear, I think it is sound, since manhood must be measured by nobility of purpose rather than by large pretensions and wealth of worldly resource. Of the foregoing class of men we find our ideal in the person of Rev. James Kinner. I must not trespass upon the ground that properly belongs to my friend, the author of

this booklet, thus I forbid my pen to inscribe the entire happy recollections of this sainted messenger of Christian truth to a people emerging from the abyss of political thraldom and dire neglectfulness—otherwise the tender emotion of my soul might spend itself in reverent encomiums. At this period of the Negro's progress, he needs a stimulus to sustain him in this new sphere incident to his radical transition—he needs to glance over the past that he may be able to make proper comparisons. To this end we must not let the great lights go down in the racial firmament ere we first get a correct photograph of them upon paper, that we may study them in the light of increased wisdom. It seems that this should be a sufficient motive for writing biographies of our worthy Negroes. The neglect of this in the field of Negro literature has given rise to the enquiry: "Who have been your leaders and what have they done?"

On entering our large cities, one may see statues artistically designed and imposing monuments erected *in memoriam* of some person or event that valor or excellency might be signalized. What brazen statue or granite shaft can portray that hidden fire which prompted James Kinner to noble action? Can the painter's skill or plastic art represent it? No; it can only be appreciated in reading, studying and reflecting upon his life.

So we commit the history of this godly man to the efficient hands of Mr. H. Val. Washington, who will, we know, give him justice. Mr. Washington is superbly calculated to perform this work—which fact is eminently attested in this volume. He knew the preacher and was personally known by him; having sat ofttimes under his plain, sound, heart-stirring sermons. It was during his ministry that Mr. Washington became convicted of his sinful state and whence he sought and found the Saviour. Mr. Washington has endeavored to couch his

thought in as plain and simple language as his respect for the intelligence of his readers would allow; believing that simple language is the most reliable expression of thought, he has studiously eliminated all technical words or phrases.

It cannot be considered egotistic on the part of the author to expect a copy of this "Life of Rev. James Kinner" to find its way into every home within the radius of this man's influence, for its reading would be a pleasant renewer of the past recollections of the aged, and a reliable source of information to the young. Again, its sale should, in part, reimburse the author for the indefatigable labors to which he has been subjected incident to writing this booklet, added to the daily routine duties of school work.

A lifetime friendship with the author compels me to write this brief introduction to the Life of James Kinner, still if any word I might say should awaken an interest in preserving in memory such men as the subject of this volume, I shall feel that I have been used as a timely instrument in a noble work. Let the youth of the land learn of the excellencies of their fathers, instead of feasting them upon things which are a reproach to the race. Then a nobler estimate will be placed upon his race by himself, and self-pride, that is race-pride, is a wholesome food upon which all would do well to diet.

I beg to hope for its author that this little booklet may find an appreciating public.

Yours for honoring a noble life,

W. EDWARD ROBINSON.

Harmony Village, Va.

REV. JAMES KINNER.

HIS BIRTH AND EARLY TRAITS.

ON the 19th day of September, 1821, was born, in the county of Essex, State of Virginia, JAMES KINNER, a boy destined to become a power in the elevation of fallen humanity. His parents' names are not known definitely, but he was born a slave on the plantation of Mr. Warner Lewis, near Tappahannock.

It was said of the child by those in position to know that he was healthy and grew rapidly. Here he lived until he was a good-sized boy, being faithful to his work and obedient to his owner until he was about fourteen years old, when he was exchanged, in consequence of a marriage in his owner's family, which resulted in him becoming servant to Mr. Catesby Toms in Lancaster Co., on the farm known as Black Stump. It is said of him at this time that he was a bad boy and would not be outdone by any of his companions, white or colored. He was sometimes punished severely for this inherent disposition. But observation has taught me that this is a mark rather to be *admired* in a boy, for the boys *usually* called "bad" are boys of "pluck" and perseverance, and the boy who is more persistent at play makes the best scholar and the best man generally.

Religious night-meetings being greatly in vogue at the log cabins of the colored people, young Kinner, after getting acquainted, began to attend them. This was during the dark days of human slavery in this country,

and such meetings could only be held through a permit from the masters, or the slaves would run the risk of being caught out and given nine and thirty lashes. The reader will readily conclude that such meetings were held with much seriousness. It was at one of these meetings that Kinner heard the Word, imperfectly explained as it may have been, and was brought to consider about his soul's eternal welfare and was finally regenerated and added to the Church.

Once, when attending these meetings, having stayed up quite late at night, the following is related of him: One morning, his young master came in the woods where Kinner was preparing to cut his task, (five cords of wood,) sitting on a log, whetting his axe, and said to him, "Why, Jim, when will you finish your task? It is nine o'clock, now!" "I'll have it all done before half an hour of the sun, this evening," was the reply. "I'll bet you won't," said his master. "Well, you come out here this evening at half an hour of the sun," said Kinner. It seems like they depended alone upon the sun for time Agreed, the master departed. Though these were short winter days in the month of December, when he returned at the appointed time, to his bewilderment he saw that five cords of wood had been felled, cut, split and piled up in proper shape, and Kinner sitting on the wood whistling, and accosting him with "Why, boss, I've been waiting for you." This shows how muscular and what endurance the man had. When grown, he was a little over six feet high, with square shoulders that would measure nearly three feet from shoulder tip to shoulder tip; somewhat bow-legged; with high cheek-bones, and a frame not corpulent, but sinewy; altogether he presented a rather homely looking figure.

About this time he had become thoroughly convinced of his call to preach, which we have heard him say often that he had tried to evade; but try as he might, he felt like the Apostle, "Woe be unto me if I preach not the gospel." Added to this he had been married, thus encumbering upon himself a family to support; but he made up his mind to overcome, (O how much significance is in this word!) and go to school that he might prepare himself to preach. This seems to have been the case with most of our best preachers from Jonah down to the present. Paul said, "I was put into the ministry," indicating it to be an enjoined duty rather than a pleasure.

HIS CHARACTER.

It has been said that the true hero is the brave wise man of duty—he whose soul is warmed by truth and supported by the smile of God—he who meets life's perils with a cautious but calm spirit, gathers strength by facing its storms, and dies, if he is called to die, as a christian victor at the post of duty. If we must have heroes and the wars wherein to make them, there is no war so brilliant as a war with wrong, no hero so fit to be sung as he who has gained the bloodless victory of truth and mercy. Such a hero is he whose character I now endeavor to portray. Scipio, Hannibal and Wellington may be considered great heroes, but the cause and glory that drove them into action, for the most part, have faded and gone. But James Kinner was a hero in a cause that shall last as long as the world, under our Commander-in-Chief, Immanuel. He has left monuments in the affections of his people, which will last to their posterity, more enduring than any constructed of bronze or marble.

He was a man of uprightness in his character and deportment. No one ever imputed to him an ugly act in his social life, which was pure. His spotless character

was without reproach, and this was a great protection to him in his pastoral work. Not only did he preach and live a moral life, but taught it by example first and then by precept. Such a character deserves embellishment from the pen of a historian, for the writer of this sketch feels himself inadequate to the task, and hence, only hopes to present his character in plain phraseology, that the ordinary people may read and appreciate it.

However, I cannot believe that Herodotus, the "father of history," if he had had a diary from Kinner's amanuensis, could have done more than faintly discribe the excellencies of this sainted divine. It is wonderful, as David said when looking at the starry heavens, "The heavens declare the glory of God!" And when with the telescopes of the the mechanism of Galileo and Herschel, astronomers look ninety-three millions of miles from the earth and see planets in the divine economy, flying through space at the rate of a thousand miles a minute, and not colliding—to see the brightness of these is wonderful;—yet Brother Kinner was as wonderful as these in the seeming close touch he had with Him who shines above all their sheen, for He is effulgence itself.

Rev. James Kinner was very sincere and careful in his statements to his congregations, and never once was he heard to relate anything in his pulpit which had a tendency to make his audience indulge in excessive laughter thus bringing God's house down to the level of a theater. He was too serious for such trifling, and proper decorum was always preserved during his ministry. The consequence was that everybody reverenced him. In this more enlightened day, fraught with more responsibilities, can the same be said of all our divines? If not, why not? Does not this evening of the nineteenth century need leaders of the same lofty character and imbued with the same seriousness?

Though firm in his convictions, yet his judgments were seasoned with mercy. He had due respect for the opinions of others, and gave them proper consideration. Though bold as a lion in opposing wrong, his gentle nature was as tender as a woman's in its manifestations of sorrow for the erring. He was thoroughly saturated with intense sympathy for fallen humanity. This accounts for his arduous labors for their elevation.

HIS EDUCATION.

His schooling was received in Wayland Seminary, Washington, D. C., when that institution was in its infancy. It was not extensive, but amply fitted him for his work. Though meager, it was sound, given under the guidance of that master educator, Rev. G. M. P. King, D. D., its former President. Dr. King says this of his training: "Bro. Kinner was one of the first students at our School. He was there the greater part of five years. It was very hard indeed for him to take care of his family, (a wife and six children,) and attend the sessions regularly. He worked in the building on the corner of 14th Street and New York Avenue, now a hotel, and did the best he could with his lessons. Bro. Kinner was a good man, a faithful preacher, and an enterprising citizen." When he left the Seminary, he returned home and taught school there."

The following extended notice of Kinner's education at Wayland and his personal traits is from the pen of Dr. King, as published in the "National Baptist," of Philadelphia, in October, 1878:

"The subject of this sketch has just closed a very eventful and useful life. He was born a slave in Essex Co., Va., and experienced many of the hardships of bondage before his emancipation. From childhood he had desired freedom and longed after knowledge. Even in his ignorance he attempted to help his people, but the moment he was free he commenced his struggle for an

education. Everything seemed to be against him. He had a family of six to provide for; he was near forty years of age; he was surrounded by poverty, and it was no wonder that it required months of prayer for him to find his way out of the many difficulties. *He was our first student*, a little more than ten years ago. We can never forget our first impression of him. For a moment we almost dreaded to undertake to help him, but after the first trial it was always our delight to give him sympathy and instruction. His face was not attractive; his form was very awkward; but you never thought of these, when you learned how large and true his heart was. What an undertaking for a man at forty to provide for his family, and at the same time secure even the elements of an education!

But he found his way to our school and began his task with a brave heart. For more than four years he plodded on, overcoming one difficulty after another, until he thought it might *do* for him to go back to his old home. While a student he was obliged to give about half his time to the hardest kind of manual labor. He used to say he was *tired*, but he alway said it with a smile. One day he begged me to loan him a small blackboard to put into his almost comfortless room. I recommended the use of his slate, but he silenced me and gained his request, when he informed me that his "old body" got so tired at night that the moment he sat down to study, he dropped off to sleep; standing at the blackboard he could not sleep.

His progress was slow, but it was real; he would forget, but it was a delight to see how patiently he applied himself to study. He used to say of his mind that it had been so long neglected that it had "ever so many holes in it," but though admitting this, and mourning that this was his misfortune, he still insisted that a thing with a great many holes in it could nevertheless hold something.

It was our desire that he should return to his old friends to begin his work as a preacher; for I wanted to see the experiment tried. He was a man too who could safely allow himself to be thoroughly known. His old friends welcomed his return and heard him gladly as he preached the Gospel. For a little more than five years he has been faithfully at work as a teacher and and pastor. Under his labors churches have been planted and greatly strengthened. He has baptized more than twelve hundred believers and welcomed them into fellowship of the church. All classes in the communities where he labored respected him. He was an unanswerable reply to the question, "Will it pay to educate the emancipated slave?"

He has been called unexpectedly to his reward. We mourn for him because of his great usefulness. What a reward his must be! The sore trials of his early life seemed to have brought him into a near communion with his Saviour so that he seemed to know how to find comfort in all his sorrows. His faith helped us, and often we were made greatly to respect his excellent common sense, in deciding the best way to do a thing. He would

often plead for patience with the faults of his people. He would say, "Pity them—they don't know—how can you expect them to do better?" Many such sermons he used to give us. Such had been the discipline of his early life that he seemed to know how to find the bright side to every dark question.

In the example he has left there is very much to admire, and much that must stimulate his people to more earnest efforts to gain the good name. He was a good disciple in every place where you might chance to find him. He aimed to do whatever he had to do in that way that would best honor his Lord. In charge of the school, in the neighborhood where he lived, he has year after year seen his pupils coming to the knowledge of Christ.

His last message came to us only a few days before his death—"I shall come to see you soon." Always he seemed to hold the school in grateful remembrance. How could his family and his spiritual children say farewell to one whom they seemed so much to need? He will never come to tell us of his victories, but in the meeting by and by we shall hear again his glad songs of praise for the grace that enabled him to overcome and win his crown.

G. M. P. KING."

He also took charge of a school in Antioch Church, after he became pastor there. And his must have been an arduous task to teach a large school of both old and young people, the most of whom had no idea of the alphabet; for this was during the days of reconstruction, when the public school system for colored people was only a dream. But during this transition, Kinner was equal to his task and succeeded in giving some useful information and encouragement to his people which caused many to catch higher aspirations and become serviceable in their turn to their day and generation. And this should be the object of every teacher to help others to think and to improve and cause wholesome influences to permeate all their surroundings. Is not such a character worthy of imitation by the young men of this day?

KINNER AS A PREACHER.

As a preacher he was forcible and persevering. He became pastor of two churches in Middlesex, Antioch and Grafton; preaching at Antioch near Saluda on the first and third Sundays of each month; and at Grafton

near Harmony Village, the second and fourth Sundays. His preaching was so forcible and his nature so earnest that they deeply impressed his hearers. Convicted of the truth, they fell like ripe grain before a well-prepared reaper. Everybody soon perceived that he was a called man to a chosen people. Old-fashioned, and what some people would nowadays not call "up-to-date" preaching yet his was pathetic, logical and convincing. His exposition of Scripture was rare for a man of his limited learning and the little time he had for study; for he had a large family as has been stated, and he had no extensive library with plenty of time for reading. It was his custom to work on his farm till Saturday at noon, in the busy season and then prepare his sermons for Sunday. This is one of his most exemplary traits, as he showed thereby the dignity of labor, like his Divine Master, who said, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." (John v: 17.)

His two churches were about twelve miles apart, he living near Antioch. Sometimes he would come to the neighborhood of Grafton church on Saturday before the Sundays for preaching and stop with deacons Robert Harris and Henry Robinson, at whose homes he was always a welcome guest. During his early pastorate at Grafton the congregation worshiped under an arbor and then in a log house for a short time. But there are a few old brethren and sisters still living who speak with great pleasure of those "good old times under the arbor and in the log church where we witnessed the pentecostal showers." By his indomitable will-power and perseverance, however, he soon built two fine houses of worship for his congregations. It is interesting now to hear some sister or brother say, in expressing how steadfast the members are who came into the church during his pastorate, say,

"Every shingle and board that Kinner put on this church stands for itself today."

In revivals he was wonderfully successful, a large number of hopefully *regenerated* persons being baptized from every one. If a clergyman's success is measured by his large following and their growth in grace and understanding, then was Kinner's ministry exceptionally prosperous. The writer speaks of *regeneration* in this connection in contrast with *conversion*, because he does not consider them synonymous terms; "regenerated" meaning re-begotten or re-germinated; while "converted" means turned around or changed.

The writer well remembers when he was a mourner at Grafton during a revival week, when Kinner preached a memorable sermon on "Wrestling Jacob," on which occasion as on many others the preacher seemed caught up by the Spirit, and christians so filled with heavenly extasy that they cared nothing for earthly surroundings. In this discourse he showed the mourners by vivid illustrations how they should wrestle in faith with God till they received the desired blessing. Description is inadequate to convey any accurate idea of his pathetic demeanor under such circumstances, much less the feeling excited thereby. One of his favorite hymns was

"Amazing grace! How sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found—
Was blind, but now I see!"

Though a man of much individual counsel and sociability among his people, his main forte lay in expounding the Word. Being endowed by nature with a stout, hardy frame, and a voice of much volume, which he could modulate to suit any occasion, he was doubly qualified for such work. In preaching there were certain

words which he pronounced with much feeling, one of which was "Zion," used as a symbol of the Church.

"Zion stands, with hills surrounded,
Zion kept by power divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combined."

The cadence of his voice when pronouncing such words, seemed to strike a sympathetic cord which ran through his entire audience. Sometimes when seemingly carried away of the Spirit, he would hold these words in utterance as if loth to let them pass.

Although he was generally admired, I wish not to convey the impression that he had no opposition, for he had, as all men do, who try to do right. I have heard him preach effectively, with feelings hurt and tears running profusely down his cheeks; for he had a temperament which could suffer and be strong even under such painful circumstances. On such occasions, his hymn just before preaching was the following:

"Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?"

He was one of the few who appeared predestined to win. His persistence under discouragement was akin to that of Thomas Carlyle, who wrote a history of the French Revolution and loaned the manuscript to his friend John Stuart Mill for review. Mill left it in his library where it was found next morning on the floor by the servant who, thinking it to be of no value, used it for kindling a fire. Thus the labor of years was destroyed in a few moments. The accident for a time paralyzed Carlyle, but he recovered from his mental anguish and rewrote the history, making it better than the first. So it

was with Kinner. If he was opposed and apparently routed at one time, he did not lose courage, but pressed forward in the right direction and was ultimately successful.*

AS A CITIZEN.

Among the first things Kenner did after coming to Middlesex was to buy himself a home and prepare for the comfort of his family. This home consists of about fifty acres of land and a fairly commodious house situated on the north side of the Town Bridge road, leading from Urbanna to Saluda. He had a loving helpmate who shared his every burden and gave him helpful counsel. One of his chief cares was to educate his children, especially the two oldest, Esias and Mary. How well he succeeded the writer is unable to say.

Singular, indeed, it is to say, considering his large family and a farm to tend, at his death he was entirely out of debt, as was attested by merchants at Saluda with whom he dealt, who said that he was scrupulously exact and honest.

**REFLECTION.*

In chronicling the character of Kinner as a preacher, the writer's mind reverts to the Friday morning before the fourth Sunday in August in 1877—a memorable morning to him, when Jesus met his soul in mercy and set him in the path which leads to glory. Then, too, the precious Sunday morning following, when I was led with sixty-two other converts into the baptismal waters of the Piankatank, all with hands joined, as was the custom. A large concourse of people, both white and colored, gazed at us from the shore. I can never till my dying day forget the words that pastor Kinner spoke to me, when it came my turn to be baptized, I being one of the smallest. They were, "*Ah, my son, though I may be dead and gone, you are intended for some good purpose.*" Not a few of that number have gone to join him in the beyond, and others are yet journeying on the Christian way.

HIS DEATH.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

In September, 1878, Kinner contracted a fever, very much due, we think, to the exhaustion of his physical strength during a revival in August and hard work that followed in housing a large crop of provender on his farm. He was sick with what the doctors call bilious fever for about two weeks, and on Sept. 17, 1878, departed this life in full triumph of faith. The news of his death was heard with profound sadness throughout Middlesex, Essex, Gloucester, Mathews, King and Queen and Lancaster counties, for he was widely known and admired. To many the sad news came like lightning from a clear sky, for they had not heard of his sickness.

At the time of his death, Revs. George Wood and Peter Carey, his contemporaries and co-workers, were at his bedside with others of his friends and members, when he suddenly said, "Lift me up, brethren," which was done by the above-named ministers. He continued, "I am passing through death's iron gates now and am not feeling his terrors." Then the relatives and sisters around began to cry aloud, when he again said, "Peace be unto you all—this time to-morrow I shall be in Paradise." They laid him down and his life went calmly out, without receiving one rude blast to hasten its extinction.

This is a wonderful death-bed testimony quoted directly from the brethren who were present, worth handing down to posterity, and ranks with that of the Apostle Paul and Doddridge. His was an unusually busy career —a warrior for God who stayed on the field battle-scarred till his life was spent. His burial took place on Sept. 19th, at his home, on a plot selected by him. His body was borne to the grave by the loving hands of his fellow ministers, in the presence of an immense concourse of people, some from forty and fifty miles around, who liter-

ally filled the back field, and climbed trees near by to get a glimpse of the interment.

His funeral discourse and eulogy were delivered at Antioch Church by the late Rev. John Brooks, a former classmate, pastor of the Fifth, now Vermont Avenue Baptist Church, Washington, D. C., and at the Grafton Church by Rev. Mr. Latimore. Both churches were draped in deep mourning, which remained for a year.

On the day appointed for the services at Antioch, the third Sunday in October, the church and surrounding grounds showed an immense crowd. As Bro. Brooks depicted the hardships of the deceased in the midst of the people who knew the truth thereof, tears flowed down many cheeks and sobs of lamentation could be heard afar. Never before or since have I beheld such sorrowful manifestations of grief. His text was I Cor. xv: 54. "So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory." In speaking of why the Lord should take Kinner first, the speaker used this illustration: "When we shake an apple tree, the ripest fruit generally falls first."

Thus ended a life well spent in God's service. But can we dismiss such a record to the dark caverns of forgetfulness? No; what we admired, prized and venerated in him can never be forgotten. The influence of his godly character cannot die. To be cold and breathless, with body disintegrated, is not the end of existence to men like him who were used by God to the salvation of precious souls.

"These shall resist the empire of decay,
When time is old and worlds have passed away.
Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,
But that which warmed it once can never die."

APPENDIX.

From Prof. L. L. Davis' History of Antioch Church, (Essex.)

DIVISIONS OF TIME.

THE DAY.

THE ancient Babylonians, Jews and nearly all the eastern nations, began the day at sunrise; the Arabians and astronomers of all lands at noon; the Athenians, Turks, Austrians and Italians at sunset; the ancient Egyptians, modern Europeans, Americans and Chinese at midnight. The Chaldeans, Romans and Persians divided the day and night into four parts. The Jews divided the day into twelve hours, beginning at sunrise; and the night into four parts or watches. This system prevailed at the time of our Saviour. Matt. xiv: 25. Nearly all modern nations divide the day into twenty-four hours, counting twice from one to twelve, from midnight and midday. But the Italians, Bohemians and Poles count from one to twenty four, from sunset to sunset.

NAMES OF THE DAYS.

We are indebted to the ancient Chaldeans for the names of the days of the week. They are named from the Sun, the Moon, and the planets Mars, Mercury, Jupiter, Venus and Saturn, to which heavenly bodies they had previously given the names of their principal divinities. And the old Saxons, with nearly all of modern Europe, adopting the same general system, retained the names Sun-day, Moon-day, and modified the others to suit the names of the Scandinavian divinities, from which the present English names are derived: Tuesday from Tuisco, Wednesday from Woden, Thursday from Thor, Friday from Friga, and Saturday from Saturn.

THE WEEK.

No one acquainted with the Holy Scriptures can fail to understand how the week was divided. The origin of this almost universal division of time into weeks or periods of seven days each, was the creation of the world in six days and the divine appointment of the seventh as a sabbath or day of rest, after the example of Jehovah. (Genesis ii: 2 3; Exodus xx: 8-11.) The Chaldeans began the week with Saturday, the Hebrews and Christians with Sunday, and the Mohammedans with Friday. It was on Friday, July 15, A. D. 622, that Mohammed, founder of the religion which bears his name, fled from Mecca to Medina, two cities in Arabia. His flight is called the Hegira.

NAMES OF THE MONTHS.

January was so-called by the Romans from Janus, one of their deities, to whom the first day of the year was held sacred. It corresponds to *Sebat*, (Zech. i: 7,) upon the twenty-fourth day of which, 520 B. C., the prophet Zechariah saw by night in a vision a man riding upon a red horse, and also saw horses, red, speckled and white. This corresponds to the Jews' fifth civil and eleventh sacred month.

February received its name from Februala, a feast of purification held by the Romans in this month, by which the people were supposed to be cleansed from the sins of the whole year. It corresponds to *Adar*, (Ezra vi: 15.) The temple which had been destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar, about 636 B. C., was rebuilt by a decree of Cyrus, and finished Feb. 3, 515 B. C., namely Adar, the sixth civil and twelfth sacred month of the Jews.

March, (Latin, Martius) was so named by the Romans in honor of Mars their god of war. It answers to the Jewish *Nisan* or *Abib*, for we read in Nehemiah ii: 1, that it was in Nisan, (March) that he requested the king Artaxerxes to give him letters and a commission to go to Jerusalem and rebuild its walls. It was the Jews' seventh civil and first sacred month. By the Saxons it was entitled the *hlydmonath* or tumultuous month.

April is called from *aperire*, Lat., to open, in allusion to the opening of young buds of trees and flowers. It corresponds to the Jewish *Zif*, (I Kings vi: 1,) for we find by reading that it was four hundred and eighty years after the exodus of Israel, and in the fourth year of Solomon's reign, that the temple of the Lord was begun. It was the Jewish eighth civil and second sacred month.

May is so denominated from Maie, the most beautiful of the Pleiades and the fabled mother of Mercury. The corresponding Jewish month was *Sivan*, for from the 8th chapter of Esther we learn that it was the twenty-third day of Sivan (May) that Ahasuerus granted the Jews liberty to defend themselves in all the one hundred and twenty-seven provinces, and the day set apart for this act was the thirteenth day of Adar, February.

June, (Junius) was named from Juno, one of the fabled goddesses of the Romans. It answers to the Jewish *Tammuz*, the tenth of their civil, and fourth of their sacred year.

July was named in honor of Julius Cesar, who was born during that month. It is the same as *Ab*, the eleventh month of the Jewish civil year and fifth of the sacred.

August was so-called in honor of the Roman emperor Augustus. It corresponds to the Jewish *Elul*. It was on the 25th of Elul, (Nehemiah vi: 15,) that the wall of Jerusalem was finished, after a labor of fifty-two days only. This was the Jewish twelfth civil and sixth sacred month.

September (*septem*, seven) now the ninth, was anciently the seventh month, and agrees with *Ethanim*, in I Kings, viii: 2, where all the men of Israel assembled unto King Solomon, at the feast of the dedication of the Temple. It is the first month of the civil and seventh of the sacred year of the Hebrews. The Saxons called it *Gerstmonath*, or Barley month.

October is from *octo*, *eight*, indicating its place in the Roman calendar. To the Jews it was known as *Bul*, signifying decay, as in the fall of the leaf. (I Kings vi: 38.)

November (*novem*, nine) was the ninth Roman month, and corresponded with *Chisleu*, which signifies 'chilled,' the third civil and ninth sacred month of the Jews. See Nehemiah i: 1.

December (*decem*, ten) was the tenth Roman month, and agrees with *Tebeth*,) see Esther ii: 16,) when Ahasuerus, king of Persia put away Vashti and placed a crown on the head of the motherless Jewish girl Esther, which signifies a star. She was crowned in 515 B. C. Tebeth means miry, and is the fourth civil and tenth sacred month of the Jewish year. The Saxons called it *Cerra Geola*, or Before Christmas.

THE YEAR AND ITS DIVISIONS.

The Egyptians, Chaldeans, Persians, Syrians and Jews began the year at the autumnal equinox, about the 22d of September. The Jews began their sacred year at the vernal equinox, March 22. The Greeks, Romans and nations of modern Europe and America begin the year with the winter solstice or 1st of January. The Chinese begin with the first new moon after the sun enters the constellation Aquarius. The Mohammedans begin July 15, to commemorate the flight of their prophet. The American Indians began with March 22.

According to tradition, Romulus the founder of Rome divided the year into ten months or 304 days, but Numa Pompilius, the second king, added January and February, increasing the days to 255. This being about ten and one quarter days shorter than the true solar year, as measured by the revolution of the earth around the sun, occasioned like all preceding calendars great confusion in the recurrence of the seasons and in the records of history. By the time of Julius Cæsar, 46 B. C., the difference between the solar year and the calendar year of Numa had amounted to ninety days.

JULIUS CÆSAR REFORMS THE CALENDAR.

Assisted by Sosigenes the astronomer, Cæsar conformed the civil year to the solar by making the number of days 365; and the annual excess of the solar year, which they estimated at six hours, amounting to one day in four years, was taken into account by making every fourth year contain 366 days; the additional day being appended to the month of February, which therefore in Leap Year, as it is called, contains twenty-nine days. This arrangement is known as the Julian Calendar.

Had the difference between the civil and solar years been exactly six hours as estimated by Cæsar, no further correction would have been necessary, but as the annual allowance of six hours was about eleven minutes too much, it introduced an error of about forty-four minutes every four years, or nearly a day in one hundred and thirty years. Of course this difference in many centuries became very considerable, for in the year 1577 A. D. the vernal equinox occurred on the 11th of March instead of the 21st, as it had in the year 325.

THE ERROR CORRECTED.

It was first noticed by the Venerable Bede, 730 A. D., who died five years later. He was the first great prose writer of England. (Trimble's Handbook of Literature.) But nothing was done to correct it till the latter part of the sixteenth century. At that time, Pope Gregory invited to Rome the most learned mathematicians and astronomers to consider this important subject; and after it had been discussed for ten years, the plan proposed by two brothers, Aloysius and Antoninus Lilius, was adopted. Ten days were taken from the month of October, 1582, by calling the 5th of that month the 15th. This restored the 21st of March to the vernal equinox and corrected the error which had accumulated since the time of Julius Cæsar. And to prevent the recurrence of the error, it was decreed that every fourth year should be leap year, as in the Julian Calendar, but that every hundredth year for three successive centuries should be common years, and the fourth hundredth should be a leap year; for example 1700, 1800 and 1900 are common years, but 2000 will be a leap year. By this plan, which is called the Gregorian Calendar, the error will not exceed a day in the course of 5,000 years.